

MARVEL®  
16th Mar 91

# THE REAL

№144 45p

© 1984 Columbia Pictures Industries Inc.

# GH<sup>OST</sup>BUSTERS™

9/11/AVE

KEEP YOUR  
EYES OPEN, JANINE,  
THIS DEMON IS REAL  
FIERY!

ISSN 0954-9404



9 770954 940011



MARVEL®  
16th Mar 91

# THE REAL

NO 144 45p

© 1984 Columbia Pictures  
Industries Inc.

# GH<sup>o</sup>STBUSTERS™



ISSN 0954-9404



9 770954 940011

11





**H**ey! It's Issue one hundred and forty-four of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS**, and this issue is gross in every way. As you can see by the cover, Winston hasn't quite seen the light when The Ghostbusters are called out to a cave haunting to subdue a *subterranean spook* in **The Caves Of Terror!**

There's danger afoot when Ray Stantz gets that *shrinking* feeling and has a lot of tiny trouble in a little tale entitled **Ray's Mini Mayhem!** The chilling stories continue when the Abominable Snow Queen unleashes her power to control weather in the third thrilling instalment of **Blizzard Queen!**

Don't forget: if you have any burning questions that need answering then Dr Peter Venkman is probably *not* the person to ask, but he's the only Ghostbuster with an ego big enough to deal with your letters. So send them to **Ghost Writing!** Just one of your spooky favourites in the scariest comic this side of the spiritual divide!

## CONTENTS

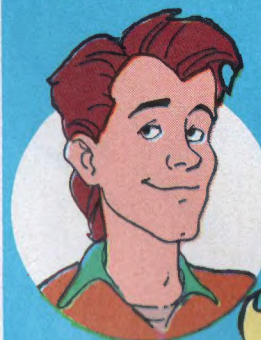
<b>Ray's Mini Mayhem!</b> .....	3
Spengler's Spirit Guide .....	9
<b>The Caves Of Terror!</b> .....	10
Ghostbusters' Fact File: <b>Elevator Of Doom!</b> .....	13
<b>Blizzard Queen!</b> – Part Three .....	15
Slime Time/Newsagents' Coupon .....	20
Dead True! .....	21
Ghost Writing .....	23
Next Week Box/ <b>Blimey! It's Slimer!</b> .....	24

Cover by STEPHEN BASKERVILLE, LESLEY DALTON and JOHN BURNS  
Editor STUART BARTLETT Assistant EMMA MARSHALL  
Spirit Guide DAN ABNETT



**THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™** is published by MARVEL COMICS LTD., 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2. **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** title, logo design (including the HQ logo featured on this page) characters, artwork and stories are copyright © 1984 Columbia Picture Industries, Inc. and copyright © 1991 Columbia Pictures Television, a division of CPT Holdings, Inc. All rights reserved. The GHOSTBUSTERS logo and logo design are licensed trademarks from Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc. All other material is copyright © 1991 Marvel Comics Ltd. All rights reserved. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions in this magazine with any living, dead or undead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the UK and distributed by Comag.

# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



PETER VENKMAN



EGON SPENGLER



RAY STANTZ



WINSTON ZEDDMORE



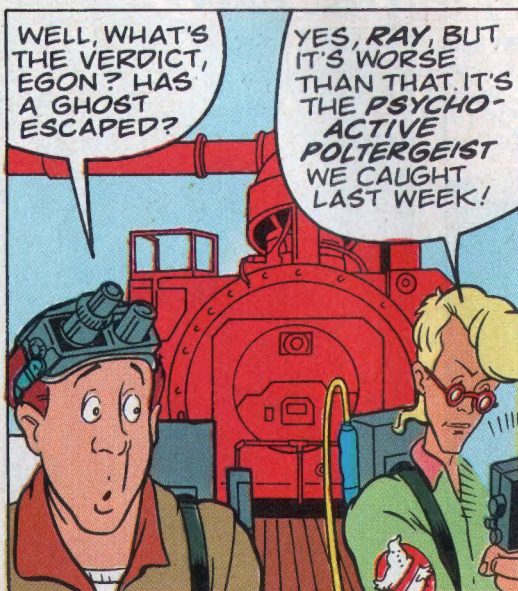
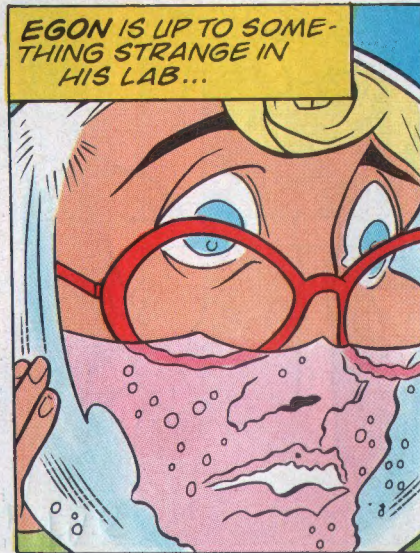
JANINE MELNITZ



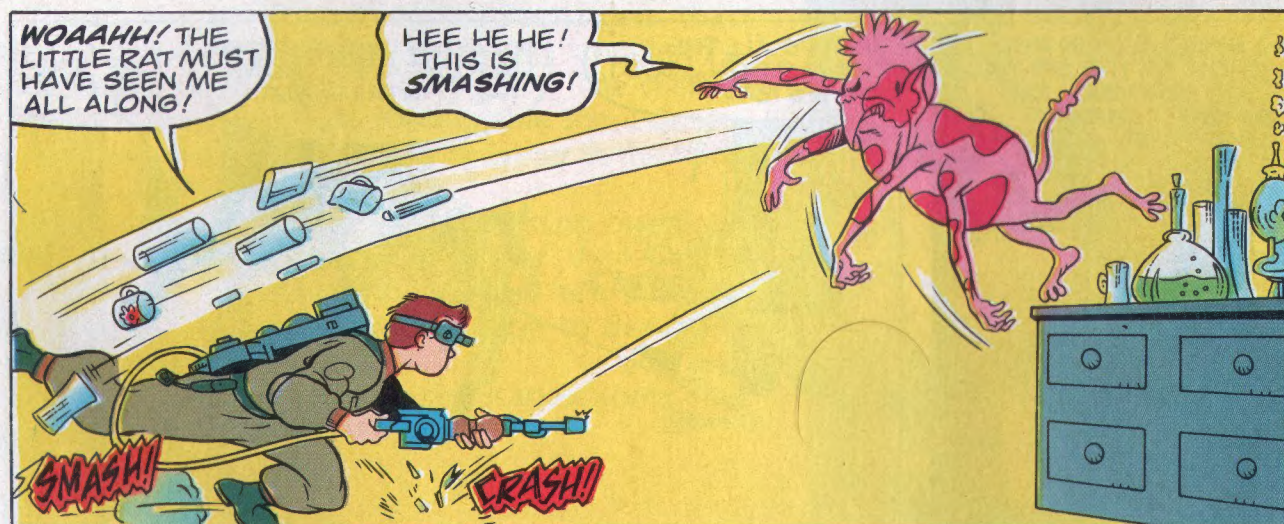
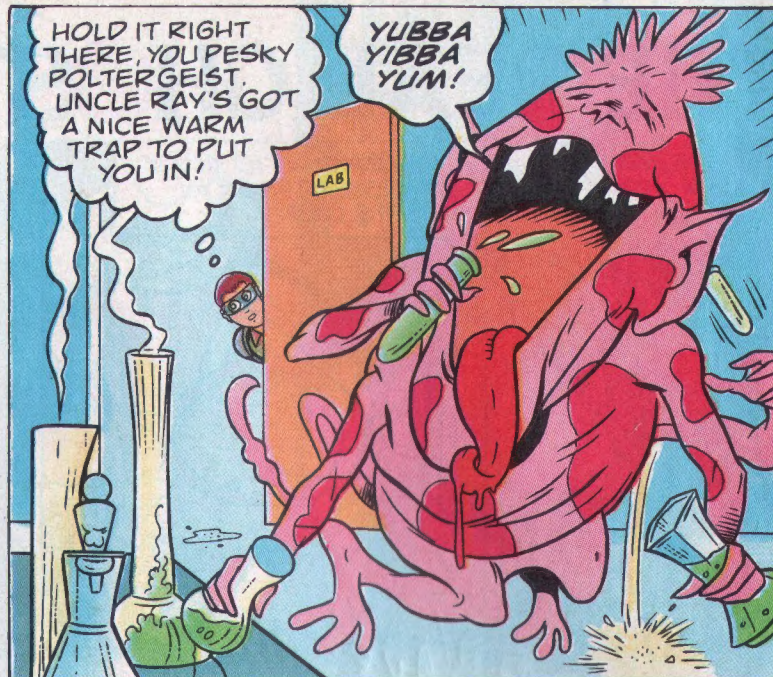
SLIMER



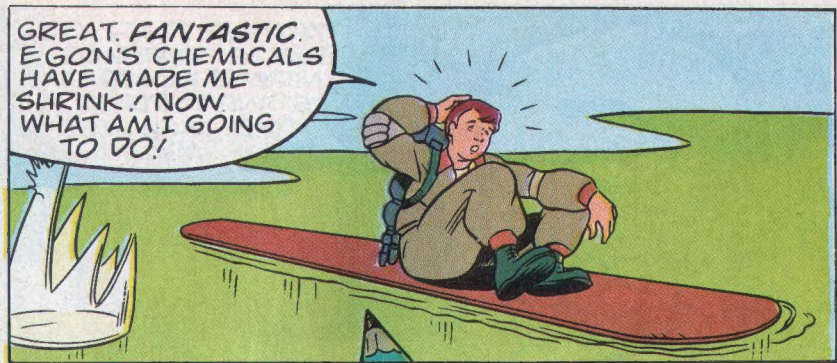
# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™















THAT'S IT! IF I CAN GET TO THAT MAGNIFYING GLASS AND STAND UNDER IT, THEY MIGHT SEE ME!



YIKES! NOW I KNOW WHAT THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN MUST HAVE FELT LIKE!



I'VE LOOKED EVERYWHERE BUT THERE'S NO SIGN OF RAYOR THAT POLTERGEIST!

PERHAPS HE CHASED IT NEXT DOOR?



I HOPE THIS GETS THEIR ATTENTION. I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I CAN HOLD THIS HAIRY BEAST AT BAY!

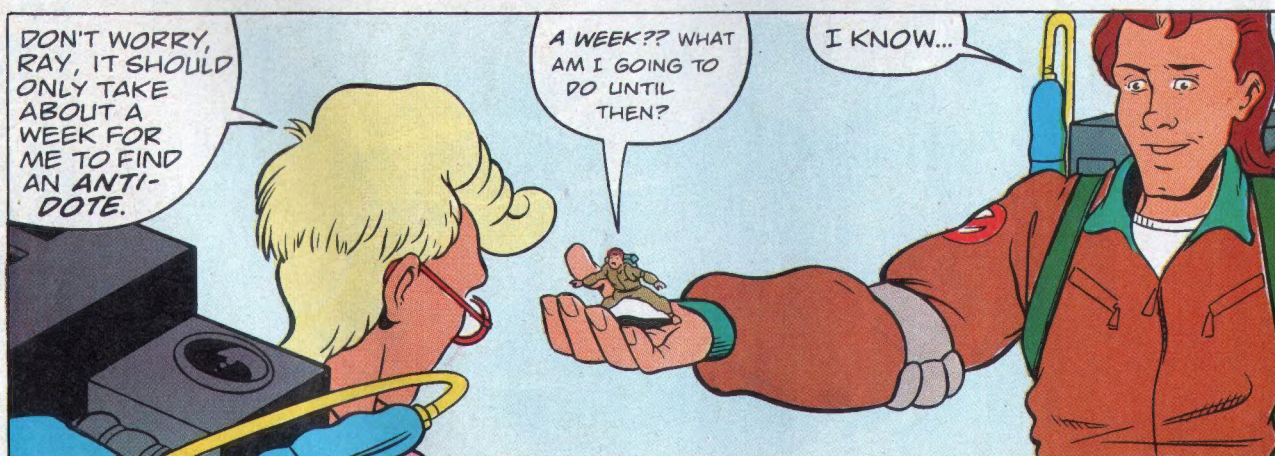
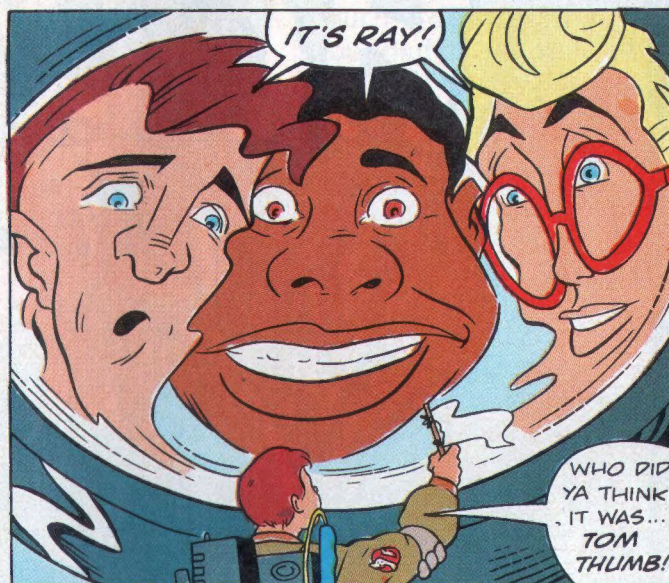
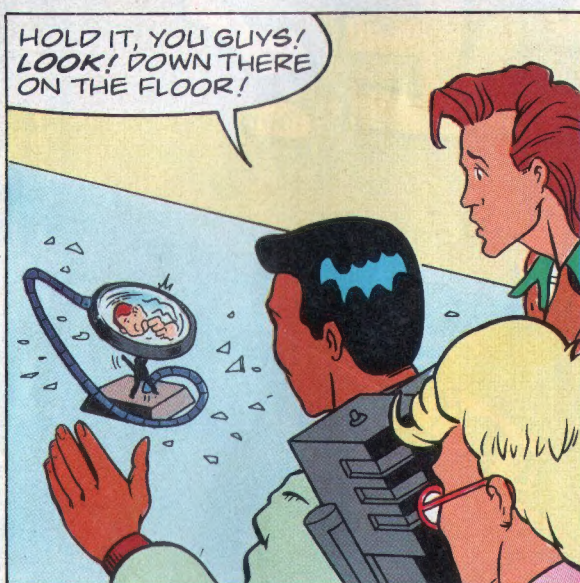


LET'S GO AND LOOK NEXT DOOR.

NO! I'M HERE! CAN'T YOU SEE ME! LOOK!

THIS COULD BE DANGEROUS, BUT IT'S MY LAST CHANCE!







**DARE YOU ENTER THE**

# **HAUNTED HOUSE?**



© 1984 COLUMBIA PICTURES INDUSTRIES INC.

**THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™ PUZZLEBUSTER ISSUE FOUR  
ON SALE NOW WITH FREE DOUBLE LOLLY!**



# SPENGLER'S

## SPIRIT

Several million years ago, mankind's earliest ancestors became dissatisfied with their longtime home (No Fixed Abode, The Middle of the Empty Plains, Africa) and decided to take out a mortgage on a cave. The reasons for this move are simple: Mr and Mrs Hunter-gatherer were tired of the poor central heating, the animals coming in day and night, and the fact that once the kids had grown up and left home, they tended to get lost and eaten. Their plight can generally be summed up by the old song: *'Oh, show me a home where the antelope roam, And I'll show you a house with a very messy carpet.'*

The cave promised to solve all these problems. True, your basic cave was cold, dangerous and full of animals too, but not quite to the same extent. Mankind withdrew into the safety of the cave, hid himself away, put up climbing plants round the cave mouth, called it 'Dun-gathering' and would have been out washing the car every Sunday if he'd had a) internal combustion engine powered vehicles, and b) Sundays.

The cave also brought about another revolution in the history of mankind. It allowed him to begin to tell stories and invent legends. Previously, nightfall had meant heads down and no whispering until sunrise. In



## PART 144

the cave, mankind could sit around the fire all night and talk, exchange ideas, and increase in his wonder at the mysteries of the world. I don't mean all of mankind at once, of course. The cave wasn't that big.

Study of the extraordinary cave wall paintings in various locations around the world show us the extent of mankind's thinking in those early days, and reveal an already sophisticated awareness of the Supercosmic. To show what I mean, I'll use the example of the perfectly preserved caves of Lescaux Surfine in Southern France. Here we see the images of Mammoths, Woolly Rhinos, Sabretooths, Aurochs and, curiously enough, what appears to be a small lump

## GUIDE

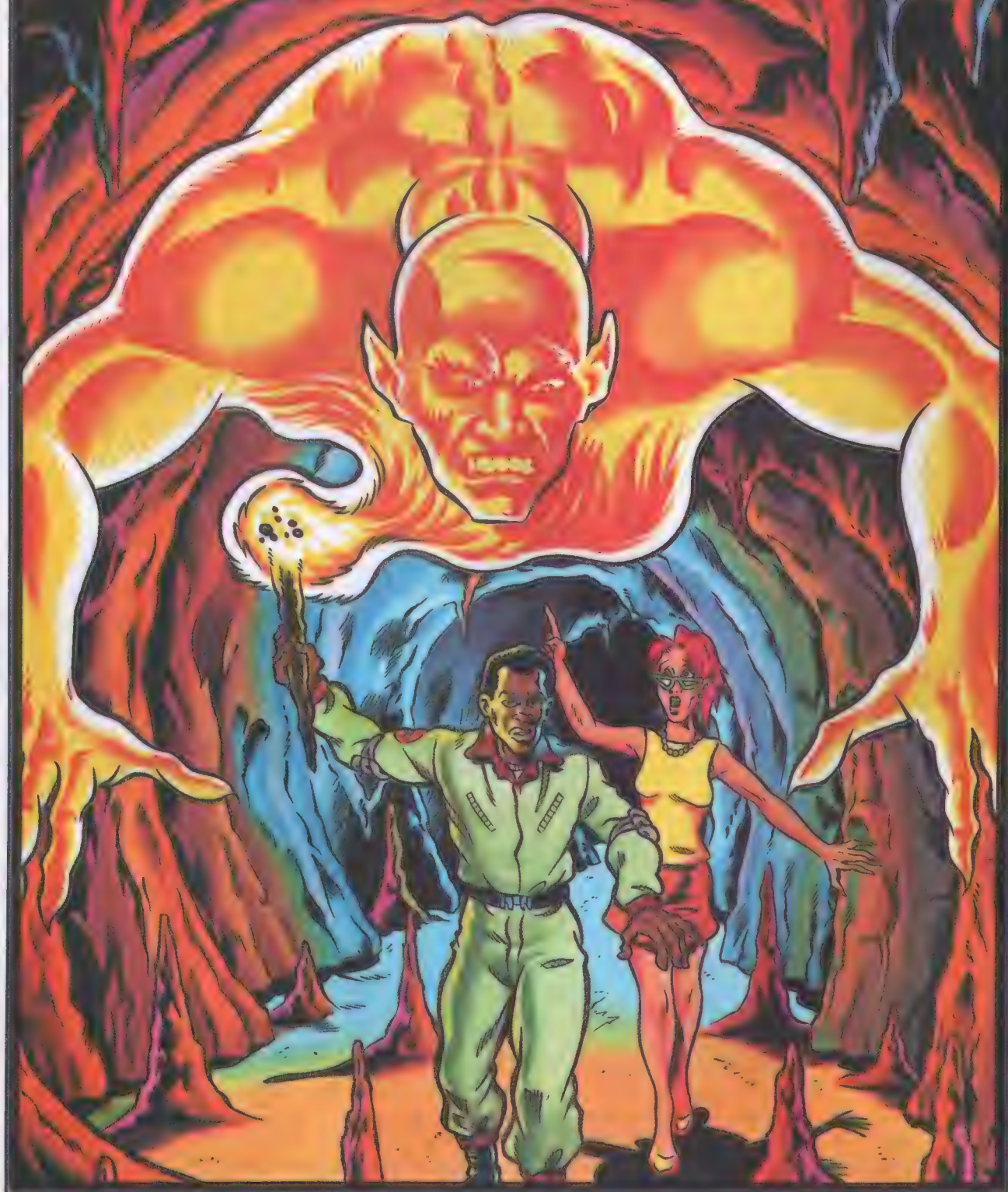
of green slime. Here too we see the images of spirits, the ghosts of the woods and the rocks, the rivers and the skies. In the Eastern cave wing, we see the cloud-spirits most clearly, and much debate has surrounded the idea that the huge white figures are not made of fluffy cloud, but in fact marshmallow. Also found in the cave were perhaps the earliest fashion accessories – magic totems possibly – disc shaped yellow stones inscribed with a smiley face and two big sharp and pointy teeth. Spate calls these 'Smilodon Badges'.

It is likely that man's early residences were haunted in just the same way that our houses are today. Of course, back then, this was a more severe problem, and the answer to the question 'who are you gonna call?' was probably 'any one at all who can hear my high pitched screams'.

It is also now accepted that man developed a fear of the light at the mouth of the cave as great as the fear he had for the dark at the back of it. Strong light in the middle of the night would have indicated to early man the appearance of a ghost or apparition. This race memory has stayed with us to this very day, although now when we see a strong light facing us in a dark cave, it's more likely to be an oncoming train.



# THE CAVES OF TERROR



Story JOHN FREEMAN Art STEPHEN BASKERVILLE, LESLEY DALTON and JOHN BURNS



## When The Real Ghostbusters find themselves in a hole, who's around to pull them out of it?

"And on our left, ladies and gentlemen, is the famous 'Hanging Witch of Belvedere', which has been formed over several centuries through a combination of water and wind effects, here in Hokey Hole Caverns. It was first discovered when the new connecting tunnel was dug, the first operation of its kind in the state of Illinois, and one which cost a phenomenal three million dollars to complete. The tunnel had to take a particular route to avoid sacred Indian ground."

Gerry Dolan yawned and tugged his mother's arm. He looked around the dimly lit cave at the other tourists. They looked as bored as he was! As water dripped from the roof of the cold cave, the tour guide's voice droned on. He had to be the most boring speaker Gerry had ever had to listen to!

"Mum, when are we going to the movies?" Gerry whispered, as the guide explained another dull feature of the Hokey Hole Cavern.

"I mean, this is *not* what I'd call a fun day out, you know?"

"Hush, Gerry," hissed his mother. "I know the guide's boring, but don't you think the cave's interesting?"

"Well, yeah, but it's a shame the guide's about as lively as a sloth that's fallen off its perch."

"And here on the other side of the cavern is the 'Bottle Imp', clearly visible if we shine a torch on it like this" droned the guide. Gerry looked. He couldn't see any Bottled Imps but something scuttered back into the darkness as the light from the torch fell on the natural carvings. For a moment, Gerry thought it was a bat from one of the caves near the entrance, that tourists weren't allowed in. But it was a strange orange colour and he hadn't heard of orange bats. Gerry tugged his mother's arm again and pointed. "Mum! There's something in the shadows!"

"Of course, dear," his mother replied, busy listening to a further explanation of stalactites and stalagmites from the tiresome guide. Gerry decided he would have to check out his sighting for himself.

Quietly, so that no-one would notice, he held back from the main party. As the guide led them away, he sneaked another look at the 'Bottled Imp'. There was something there! He moved towards it. There was a giggle and a snickety-snickety sound. Gerry yelped in surprise as everything went dark. He thought he heard his mother screaming.

Two hours later, at the entrance of Hokey Hole caverns, Gerry's mother was still crying as she told Egon and Winston, The Real Ghostbusters, how she had been on the tour with her son and suddenly noticed he had vanished. As she'd tried to find him, she'd caught sight of her son being enveloped in a 'Velvety Blackness, you know the sort of thing you see on the late night Horror Show' as she put it, which Egon had noted on his Ghostbuster Report Sheet. Winston nodded and smiled at the woman. "Don't worry, Mrs Dolan," he said calmly, "We'll get your son back. That's a promise. Mrs Dolan looked up at the Ghostbuster and smiled through the tears, bringing her handkerchief to her eye. "Thank you," she whispered.

Peter wandered over to Egon and Winston, PKE Meter in hand, bleeping furiously. "No sign of the kid," he drawled, "looks like whatever took him is *really* powerful. I'd rate it a Class nine. Can't say much for his chances.

Mrs Dolan started to wail as Winston looked sternly at Peter.

Peter looked at Mrs Dolan. "The mother?" he asked. Winston nodded. Peter smacked himself on the forehead. "Do you think it would help if I said sorry?" he added, hopefully. Mrs Dolan, who was once again convinced young Gerry would never be seen again, started to wail once more. "No," said Winston. "Let's just get on with it."

Janinie Melnitz was at the entrance to the Hokey Hole Caverns, studying the map, a video camera dangling from her shoulder. Smiling as the Ghostbusters approached, armed with their Proton Packs and Guns, she held up a map of the caves. "This is going to be a really good one for our publicity video," she said. "I'm glad you brought me along."



"Persuaded?" said Peter, checking his own PKE Meter. "Threatened. Cajoled. Forced. These words sprang to mind, not persuade."

"Listen guys, you've got to finish this publicity video soon or we'll start losing business. We just can't run that free Ghostbusters Mug ad any longer."

"It's not that out of date," protested Egon.

"It's been running for three years, Egon" snapped Janine. "Face it – you need some new publicity material. Let's get it." With that, she started into the cave.

"According to legend," said Egon as the PKE Meters started to bleep off the scale, "This area was once haunted by the Indian demon, Catchitonthenose. He used to terrify everyone and was a real pest in the hunting grounds. Seems the local Indians hired a powerful shaman to bury the demon in the ground forever, 'bound by water and rock' the tale goes."

"My flashlight isn't working," moaned Winston. "Ray, did you put new batteries in this thing?"

"It's not my flashlight," said Ray, shaking his head. "Why don't you light that wooden torch in the wall there?"

Winston nodded and did so. "Hold on," he muttered, as his PKE Meter suddenly went wild, "Isn't Hokey Hole Cavern supposed to be one of the most developed tourist sites in the state of Illinois?"

"With new tunnels dug to see the most incredible attractions," said Ray.

"Modern electric lighting throughout," added Peter, looking at the cave map. There was a giggle and a snickety-snickety sound. "I prefer wooden torches," hissed a huge orange beast, slithering between the 'Witch of Belvedere' and the 'Drowning Man of Edmonton'. It slashed at Winston with huge claws and from behind it, Peter caught sight of Gerry, hiding behind another rocky outcrop. "Wooden torches give such interesting effects," added the demon. It grabbed the torch and waved it around his head, giggling. "They make the shadows come alive!"

With that, the shadows the torch threw off did start to come alive and The Real Ghostbusters started to fire their Proton Guns as a black, shapeless being lumbered

towards them.

"Free at last, thanks to the White Man," hissed Catchitonthenose. "Who would have thought I would be grateful to the despoilers for a new reign of terror?"

"No-one's reigning in here if I can help it," snapped Peter, firing off his Proton Gun. "It's wet enough in this cave as it is!"

The Proton Beam lanced towards the demon, who laughed, catching it on its huge hand, growing larger as it hit him. "Fools!" hissed the demon. "I have had a hundred, hundred years to wait, to prepare, to store my powers. A simple magic such as yours will not hurt me."

"He thinks we're using magic?" said Ray.

"Behind the times," grinned Peter, firing his Proton Gun again. Once again, it failed to hit!

"Don't let him scare you, Ghostbusters!" shouted Gerry.

"There's got to be a way to beat this thing!"

"Yeah," said Janine, raising her camera to her eye "just let me get some good pictures!"

"Pictures?" said Catchitonthenose, suddenly. "You're taking... pictures of me?"

Egon pounced, spotting a way to catch the demon. "That's, er, correct. These photo recorded images will be stored in this receptacle, enabling repeated playback and viewing."

"A spell of entrapment!" screamed the demon, suddenly waving his arms around. Janine's camera suddenly went red hot and she dropped it with a start. "That was rented!" she yelled.

"Blast him now, guys!" shouted Egon, and they did. With a squeak, Catchitonthenose was caught in a Ghost Trap before you could say Navajo Indian.

"What happened?" said Janine, poking the wreck of the camera with her toe.

"When he thought you were using another spell to trap him he had to defend himself with a different spell to the one he was using against the Proton Guns," Egon explained. "We caught him on the hop."

As Ray and Janine checked that Gerry was okay, Peter grinned. "It's okay, Egon – we know he was really camera shy!"



# ELEVATOR OF DOOM

When Ray returned a book, 3,000 years overdue, to the occult library he found there was more than a hefty fine to worry about. Apparently the library was short-staffed, or rather they were all disappearing under extremely suspicious circumstances, including Egon, who was last seen entering the lift. Stranger and stranger still, Peter had a brainwave. Without his brilliant buddy to rely on he'd put on his thinking cap, or to be exact the clothes of a professor.

A happy hunch indeed. It turned out that the lift attendant was a Class three Shape-Changing Demon. He had been sapping the will power from the library's brain boys and leading them to a sort of NetherWorld in the basement. As for the book, that happened to be possessed by the roots of all evil. One fine the library might just have to conveniently forget.





# GREAT SPRING SPECIALS

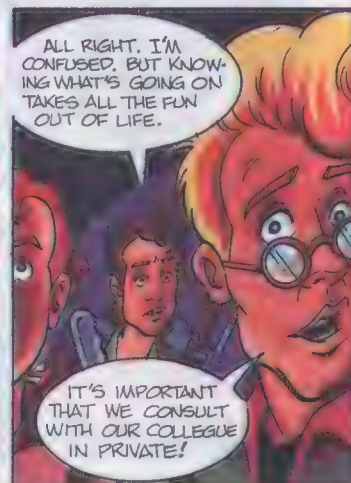


OUT NOW  
FROM  
MARVEL



# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

Part Three: There is a strange new exhibit at the Buffalo Zoo, and the police have arrested a similar hairy horror found at the docks. What could it all mean?

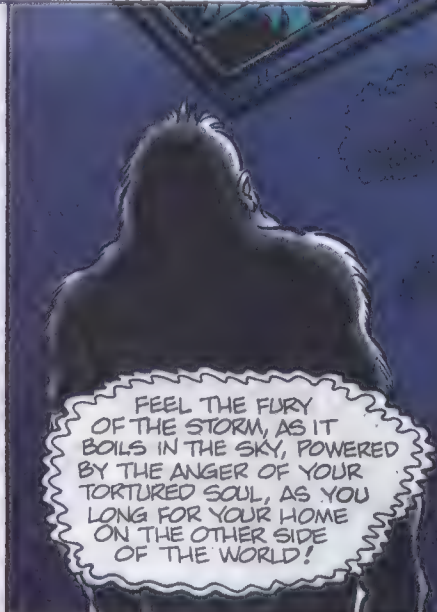






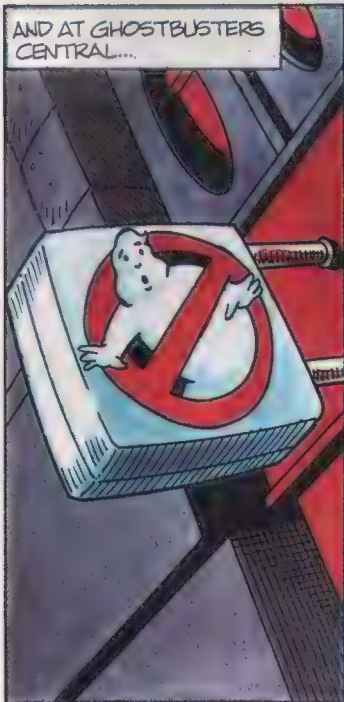
**RUMBLE RUMBLE**

IN BUFFALO, XORYL GROWS MORE IMPATIENT IN HER CONFINEMENT, URGED ON BY THE STRANGE, DISEMBODIED VOICE.





AND AT GHOSTBUSTERS  
CENTRAL....



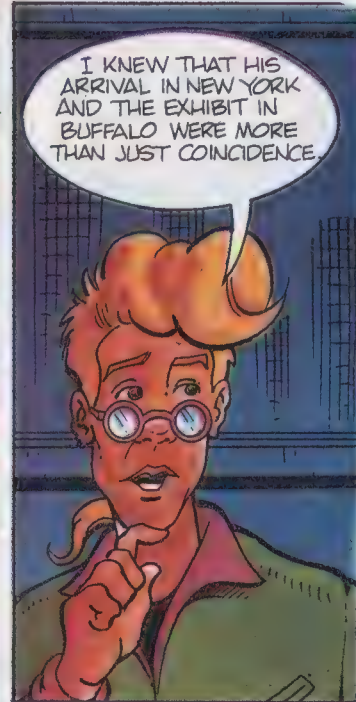
SO YOU DISGUISED  
YOURSELF AS A SAILOR  
TO TRAIL THE PEOPLE  
WHO KIDNAPPED  
YOUR MATE?

HOW DID  
YOU PLAN TO  
TRACK HER  
ONCE YOU  
GOT HERE?

I CAN  
FEEL HER,  
IN HERE.



I KNEW THAT HIS  
ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK  
AND THE EXHIBIT IN  
BUFFALO WERE MORE  
THAN JUST COINCIDENCE



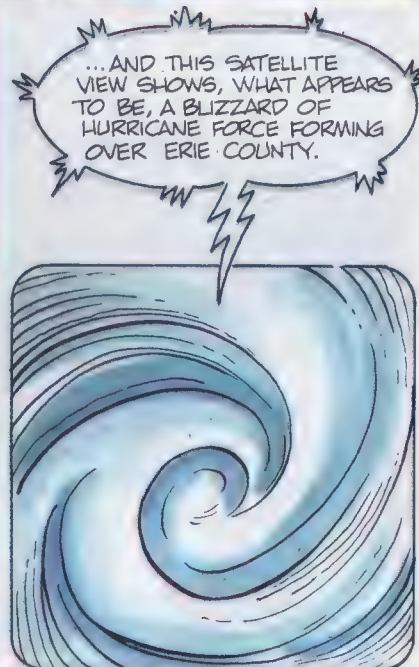
GUYS! TURN ON  
THE TV! SOMETHING  
REALLY STRANGE IS  
HAPPENING IN  
BUFFALO!



ARE THEY SELLING  
SOUVENIRS OF LOVE  
CANAL, NOW? LIKE LITTLE  
HAPPY FACES WITH ONLY  
ONE EYE IN THE FORE-  
HEAD?



...AND THIS SATELLITE  
VIEW SHOWS, WHAT APPEARS  
TO BE, A BLIZZARD OF  
HURRICANE FORCE FORMING  
OVER ERIE COUNTY.



AS IMPOSSIBLE AS  
IT SEEMS, THIS ALL  
BEGAN WHEN THE  
CAGE HOLDING THE  
ABOMINABLE SNOW  
QUEEN LITERALLY  
EXPLODED!



IT SHROUDED  
THE AREA WITH  
ICY RAIN WHICH  
HAS TURNED  
INTO A STORM  
OF UNPRECEDENTED  
INTENSITY.







XORYL! BUT HER POWER IS UNFOCUSED, UNLESS LINKED TO ANOTHER FORCE, LIKE MINE.

YOU MEAN SHE WAS CAPTURED BECAUSE HER WEATHER CONTROL ONLY WORKS IN TANDEM WITH ANOTHER OF HER PEOPLE?



THE POWER RESTS LARGELY IN HER, BUT THE CONTROL IS IN ME! TOGETHER, NO ONE COULD HARM US! APART, OUR STRENGTH IS DIMINISHED AND DIFFICULT TO CONTROL... UNLESS THERE IS ANOTHER THERE WITH HER!



MAYBE SOMEONE WHO KNOWS HOW TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF WHAT ALL PRISONERS WANT ... FREEDOM!

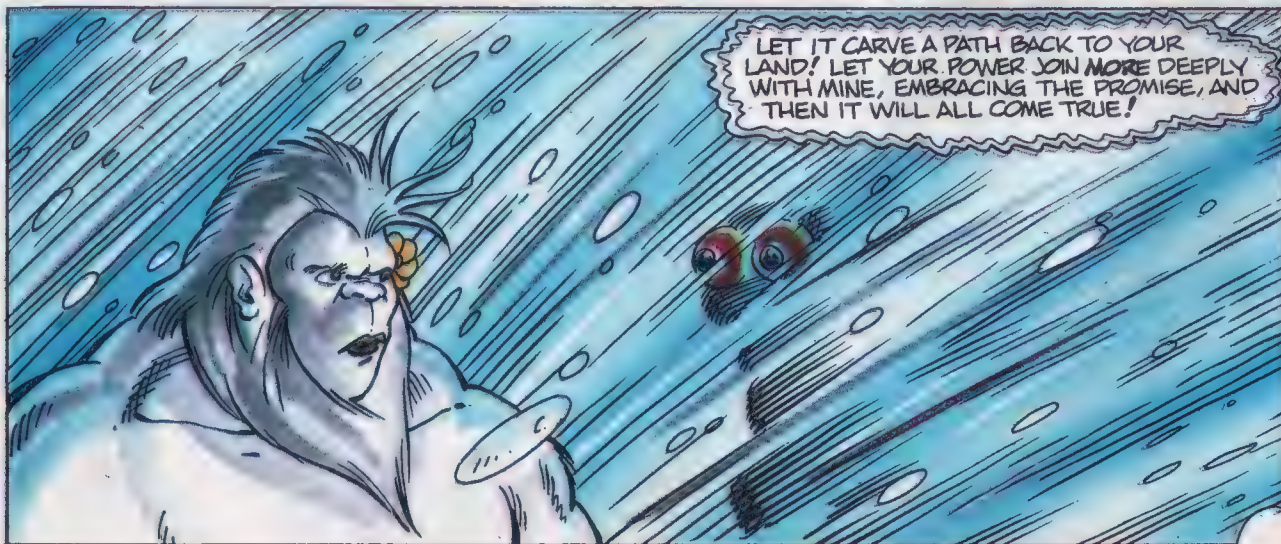
I'LL FIRE UP THE ECTO-4! IF THAT STORM GETS ANY BIGGER, IT COULD ENVELOPE THE ENTIRE STATE!

IMAGINE, AN ENTIRE STATE WITH THE WEATHER BUFFALO GETS! THE MIND BOG- GLES AT THE POSSIBILITY OF THE BOG MINGLING!



MEANWHILE...

LET THE STORM SCREAM AND THE LAND TREMBLE!



LET IT CARVE A PATH BACK TO YOUR LAND! LET YOUR POWER JOIN MORE DEEPLY WITH MINE, EMBRACING THE PROMISE, AND THEN IT WILL ALL COME TRUE!



AS THE ECTO-4 APPROACHES  
BUFFALO, IT IS BUFFETED BY  
THE FURY OF THE STORM.



YEAH, THAT'S  
BUFFALO ALL  
RIGHT. I HEAR IT  
WARMS UP  
AROUND AUGUST  
AND THEN RECONSIDERS.

AREN'T YOU  
EXAGGERATING,  
PETER?

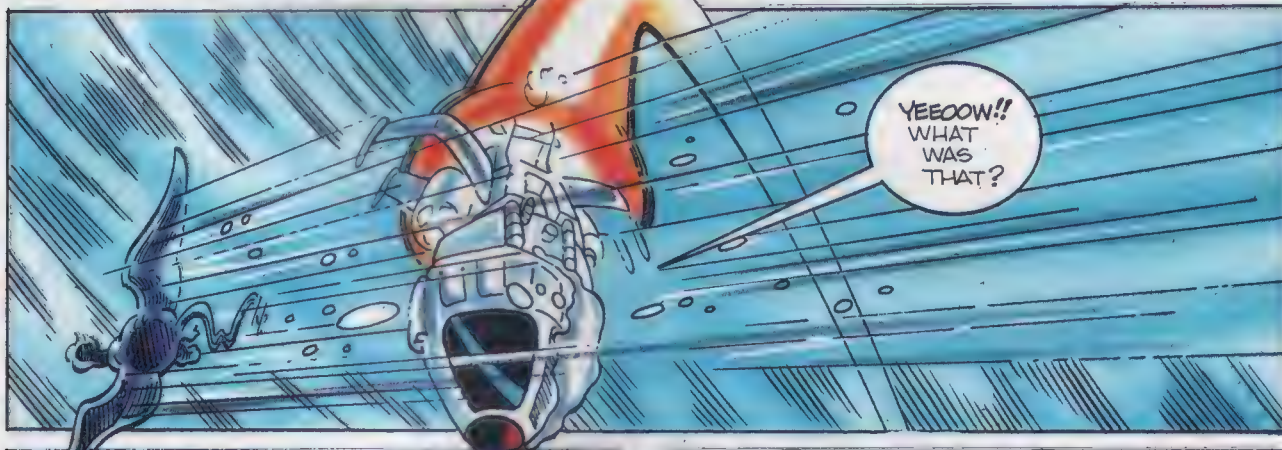


ONLY TO AN  
EXTREME DEGREE.  
BUT, HEY, I'M AN  
EXTREME KIND  
OF GUY!

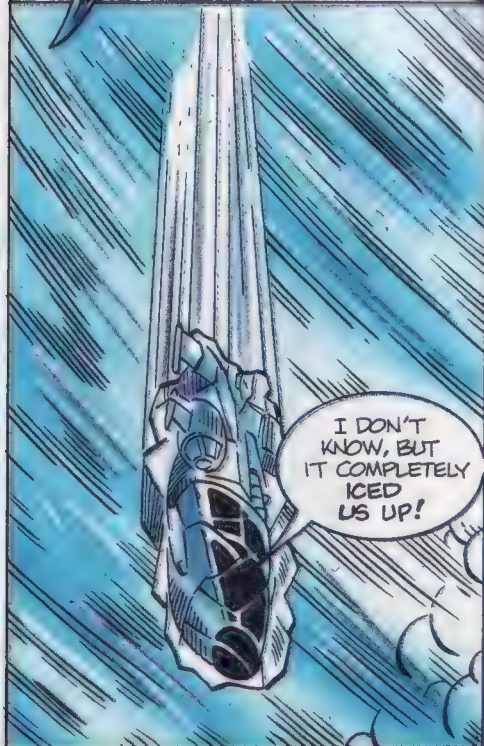
XORYL! SO MUCH  
PAIN! SO MUCH HATE!  
NO! THERE'S SOMETHING  
ELSE! SOMETHING...



YEEOW!!  
WHAT  
WAS  
THAT?



I DON'T  
KNOW, BUT  
IT COMPLETELY  
ICED  
US UP!



I'M ACTIVATING  
THE HEAT SHIELD!

BUT THAT WON'T  
UNFREEZE THE  
ENGINE IN TIME!

NO, BUT IT'LL  
THAW THE SHELL,  
SO I CAN DO  
THIS!





# SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**  
Marvel Comics Ltd  
13/15 Arundel Street  
London  
WC2



When do ghosts play jokes on each other?

*On April ghouls' day.*

— Kirsty Taylor, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk.

What is Dracula's favourite pudding?

*Leeches and cream.*

— Andrew Boulton, Inverness.

How does a witch tell the time?

*With a witch watch.*

— Andrew Boulton, Inverness.

*"Swimming the Channel."*

*by Francis Near.*

— Andrew Potts.

Knock, knock.

Who's there?

Boo.

Boo who?

*No need to cry, it's only a joke!*

— Lisa Keers, Cumbernauld

What tuba can't you play?

*A tuba toothpaste.*

— Richard McDonnell, Portrush.



**M**ake sure that you get your copy of **THE REAL GHOST-BUSTERS** every week! With your parents permission, fill in the order coupon with your name and address and hand it to your newsagent, telling him whether you want your copy reserved for collection or delivered to your door.

To my newsagent:

Please reserve me a copy of Marvel's **THE REAL GHOST-BUSTERS** comic every week. Reserve it for collection\*/ Deliver it with our regular paper order\*

\*Delete as applicable.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

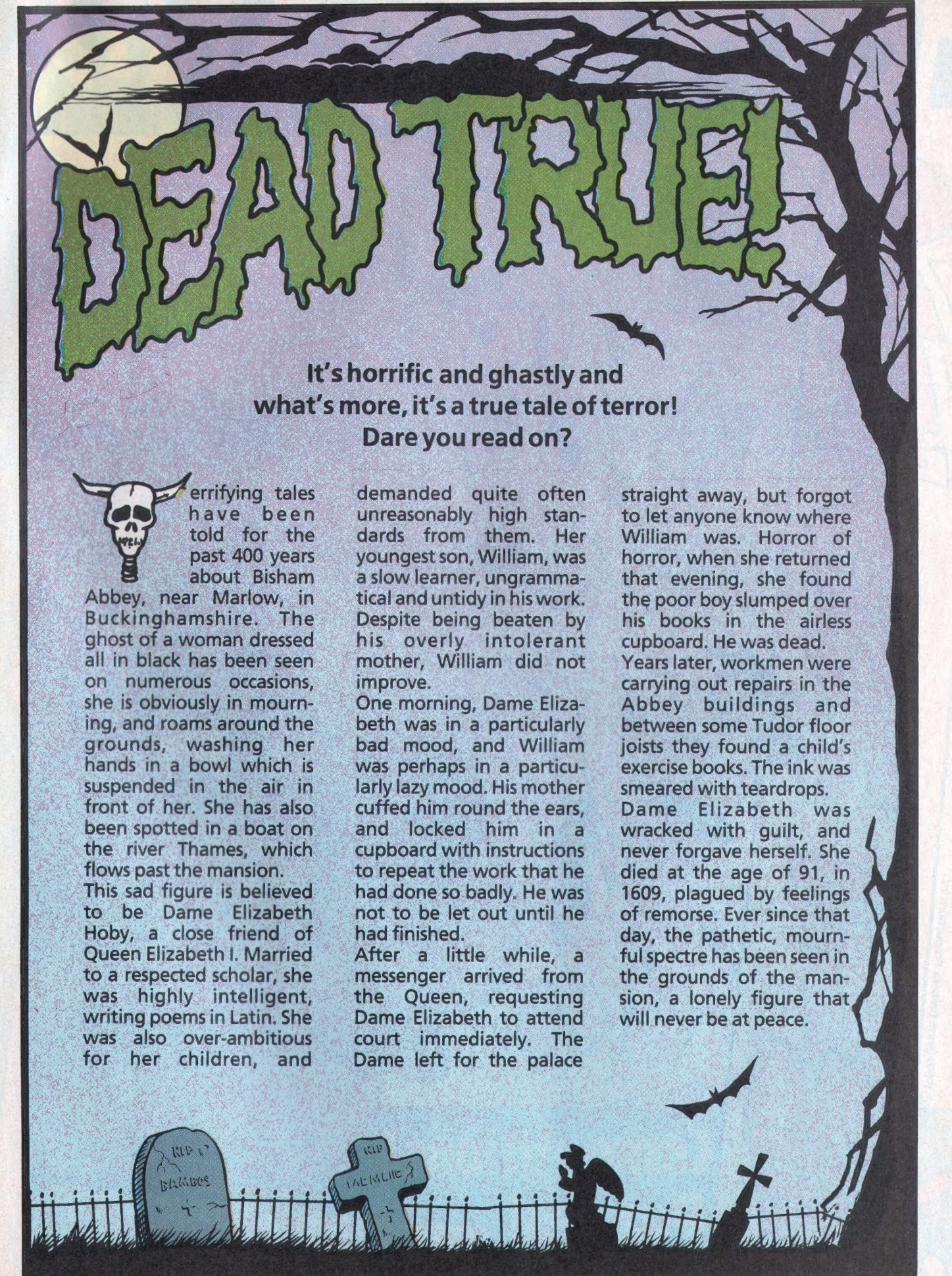
.....

.....

SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR GUARDIAN

.....





# DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and  
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!  
Dare you read on?



terrifying tales have been told for the past 400 years about Bisham Abbey, near Marlow, in Buckinghamshire. The ghost of a woman dressed all in black has been seen on numerous occasions, she is obviously in mourning, and roams around the grounds, washing her hands in a bowl which is suspended in the air in front of her. She has also been spotted in a boat on the river Thames, which flows past the mansion. This sad figure is believed to be Dame Elizabeth Hoby, a close friend of Queen Elizabeth I. Married to a respected scholar, she was highly intelligent, writing poems in Latin. She was also over-ambitious for her children, and

demanding quite often unreasonably high standards from them. Her youngest son, William, was a slow learner, ungrammatical and untidy in his work. Despite being beaten by his overly intolerant mother, William did not improve.

One morning, Dame Elizabeth was in a particularly bad mood, and William was perhaps in a particularly lazy mood. His mother cuffed him round the ears, and locked him in a cupboard with instructions to repeat the work that he had done so badly. He was not to be let out until he had finished.

After a little while, a messenger arrived from the Queen, requesting Dame Elizabeth to attend court immediately. The Dame left for the palace

straight away, but forgot to let anyone know where William was. Horror of horror, when she returned that evening, she found the poor boy slumped over his books in the airless cupboard. He was dead. Years later, workmen were carrying out repairs in the Abbey buildings and between some Tudor floor joists they found a child's exercise books. The ink was smeared with teardrops. Dame Elizabeth was wracked with guilt, and never forgave herself. She died at the age of 91, in 1609, plagued by feelings of remorse. Ever since that day, the pathetic, mournful spectre has been seen in the grounds of the mansion, a lonely figure that will never be at peace.





# JOIN THE BAND!

# CARTOON TIME

...WITH YOUR  
FAVOURITE  
CARTOON  
CHARACTERS!



Competitions!  
Puzzles!  
Stories!

**On sale now!**



# GH<sup>0</sup>ST WRITING!



Hi, folks! Your letters are still arriving by the sackful here at Ghostbusters' HQ and you've been asking some pretty brain-stretching questions, but I'm cool and can handle it—another ice pack please, Janine!

Dear Peter . . .

Why don't you bring out an up-to-date volume of *Tobin's Spirit Guide* and a paperback volume of *Spengler's Spirit Guide*?  
— Michael Tanser, Gillingham

*I passed your suggestions on to Egon, and he assured me that Tobin's Spirit Guide is a very rare volume and that it contains some very powerful and carefully-guarded information which, in the wrong hands, could be very dangerous indeed! So, I think that's one*

*piece of bedside reading best left to the professionals! As for Egon's Spirit Guide, as it is not yet completed, there are no plans to publish a book.*

What is the hardest ghost to kill?

—Anon.

*Dear Anon, have you ever tried to kill a ghost? Believe me they're all difficult to kill because they are already dead!*

I think you are great! Could you answer these questions:

1. How come it's always you who gets slimed?
2. When Mr. Stay-Puft blew up, Ray, Egon and Winston were covered in marshmallow, but you weren't?
3. Who drives ECTO-1?
4. In **GHOSTBUSTERS II**, when the slime came up, Dana walked past it, why?

— Shaun McIntyre, Sussex

*Flattery will get you everywhere, Shaun! 1. That's the question I always ask myself! Heaven knows; I guess I'm just unlucky! 2. There has to be some justice in the world! I get the slime, they get the marshmallow. Besides, I'm just too cool for that! 3. We all take turns in driving ECTO-1, but most often, it's Winston who takes the wheel. 4. Sigh! Nothing could touch that woman — she's just wonderful!*

I hope you can answer these questions:

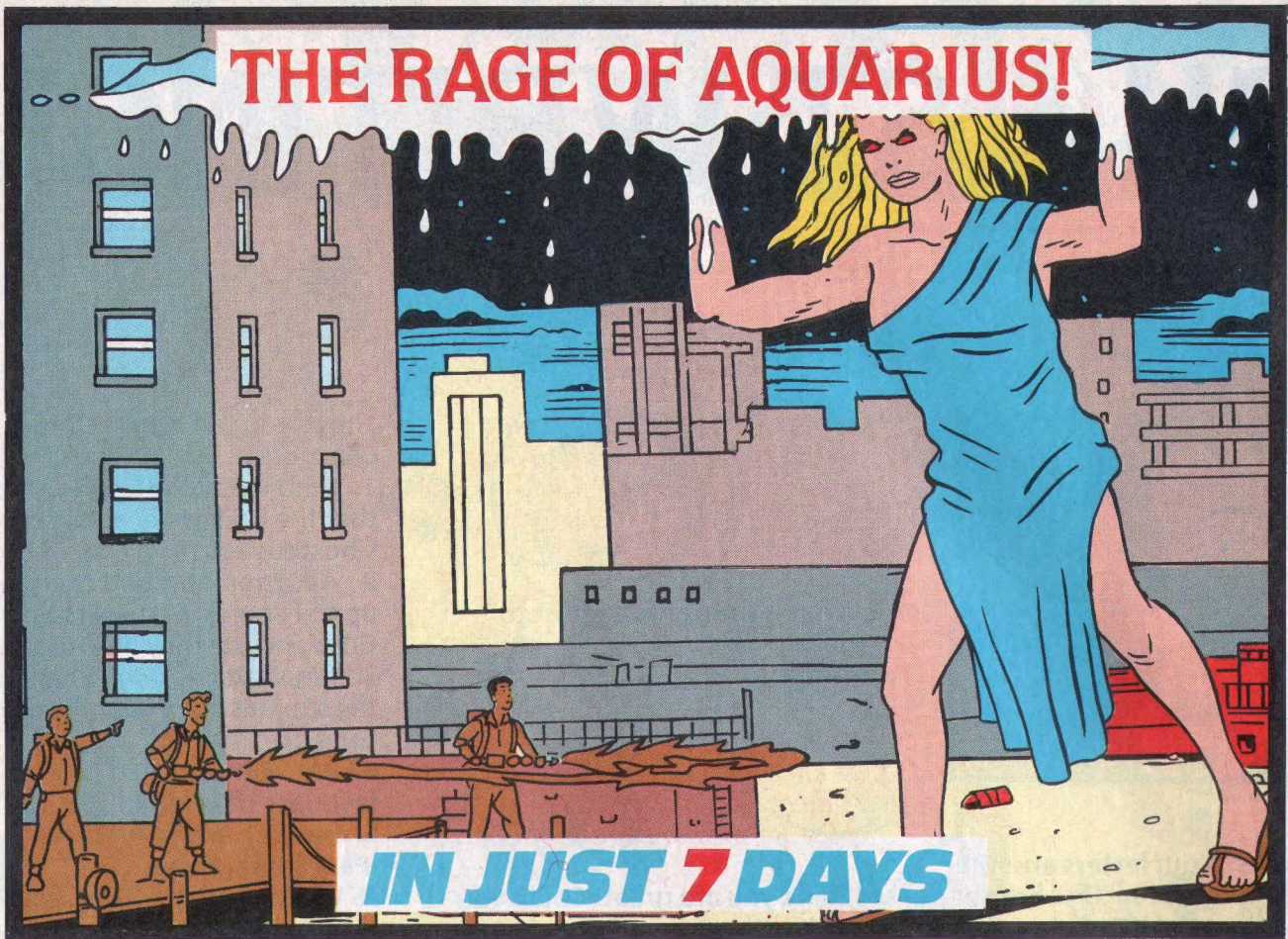
1. Who was Volguus Zildrohar that the Keymaster spoke of in **Ghostbusters I**?
2. Ask Egon how you charge up the power in your Proton Guns and are they licensed yet?
3. What exactly does crossing the streams from your Proton Guns do?
4. Ask Winston what his favourite bust was?
5. Has Ray any other cars?

—Paul Smith, Essex.

PS Where is Walter Peck now?

*Hiya, Paul. 1. I've had to do a little bit of research on this one but I can now say whole-heartily that the Keymaster, Vinz Clortho, is in fact none other than Volguus Zildrohar, Lord of the Sebouillia, himself. 2. Egon tells me that they are powered up by the generator that we have in the basement, but since they are nuclear powered they rarely need charging. And er, no! 3. It effectively increases the power of the Proton Guns, but as you know this is a very dangerous thing to do. 4. Winston says his favourite bust, as hard as it is to pinpoint one, is the space adventure he had in Issue one hundred and forty-one's Winston's Diary! 5. He's had more cars than Slimer has had pizzas, and that's saying something! As for Walter Peck . . . the further away the better!*





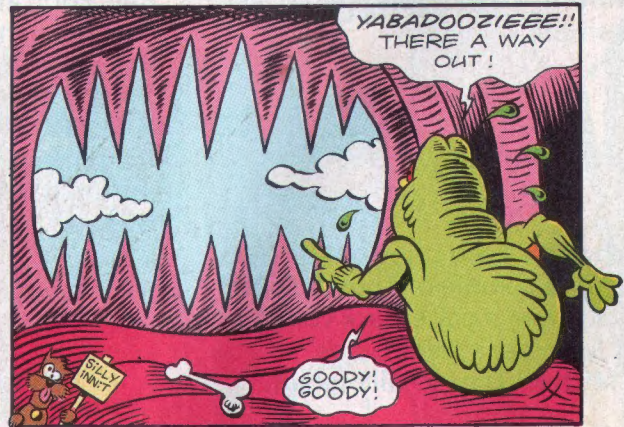
# THE RAGE OF AQUARIUS!

IN JUST 7 DAYS

BLIMEY!  
IT'S...  
**SLIMER!**

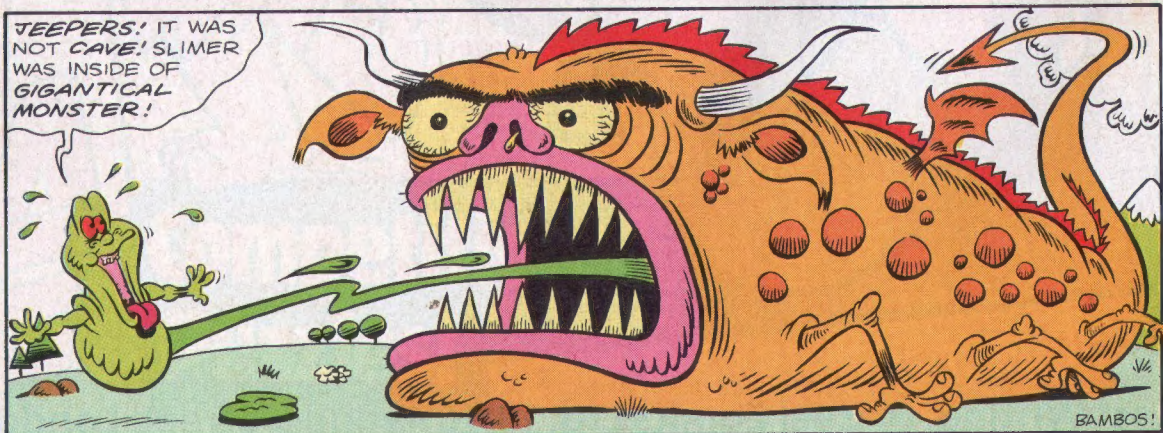


YAG! IK! AG! DIS CAVE ALL DAMP AND HORRIDIBLE! SLIMER NOT CAN WAIT TO GET OUT 'N' ABOUT !!



YABADOOZIEEE!! THERE A WAY OUT!

GOODY! GOODY!



JEEPERS! IT WAS NOT CAVE! SLIMER WAS INSIDE OF GIGANTICAL MONSTER!

BAMBOS!